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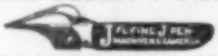

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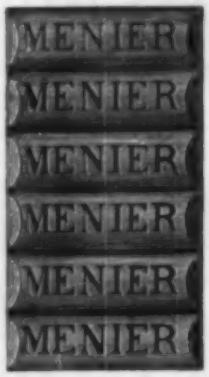

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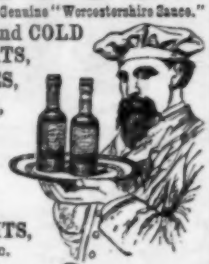

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POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.—"AFTER THE BALL."

[The authors of the various versions of this "popular song" will not, *Mr Punch* is sure, object to its refrain being used in a far wider sense—being applied, so to speak, to a more extensive *sphere*—than they contemplated.]

MAN, youth or maiden, amateurs, pros.,
Season of snow-storms, time of the rose,
'Tis the same story all have to tell!
Not even KIPLING'S go half as well.
Nay; and *this* story is real and true.
All England over, Colonies too,
Cricketers, golfers, footballers, all
One pursuit follow—they're After the Ball!

Chorus—

After one ball-game's over,
Promptly the next seems born;
Quickly the Blackburn Rover
Treads on the "Corn Stalk's" corn.
GRACE, GUNN, and READ, the Brothers
RENSHAW, fall off with the Fall;
But there come hosts of others—
After the Ball!

Lords and the Oval, crowded and bright,
Send King Willow's subjects wild with delight.
What are they doing 'midst shout and cheer?
Smiting and chasing a small brown sphere!
Fielded, Sir! Well hit!! Played, *indeed!!!* Wide!!!!
Oh, well returned, Sir! Caught! No!
Well tried! [means it all?
Cheering! Half-maddened! And what
Grown men grown boys again—After the Ball!

Chorus—

Sixer, or maiden over,
Misfield that moves young scorn,
Every true cricket-lover
Stares at from early morn.
Watching the "champion" scoring,
Ring and pavilion, all
Chattering, cheering, roaring,
After the Ball!

Then in October's chill and gloom,
Wickets for goals make reluctant room.
Talk is of "forwards," and "backs," and "tries."
"*Football Herdition!*" the newsboy cries.
Fancy *that*, for a sportsman's fad!
Players go frantic, and critics mad;
Pros. and amateurs squabble and squall,
And cripples seek hospital—After the Ball!

Chorus—

After the Ball the "Rovers"
Rush, and the "Villans" troop;
"Wolves"—who have lamb-like lovers—
Worry and whirl and whoop.
Scrimmages fierce, wild jostles,
Many a crashing fall,
Follow as "Blade" hunts "Throstle,"
After the Ball!

Balls are not all of leather, alas!
Cricket, golf, tennis, and football pass;
But ROBERTS the marvellous, PEALL the clever,
Like the Laureate's Brook, can go on for ever!
The ivory ball—like the carvings odd
In a Buddhist shrine—seems an ivory god;
And "A Million Up" will be next the call
Of the "exhibitionists"—After the Ball!

Chorus—

After the Ball is over?
Nay, it is *never* done!
All the year round *some* lover
Keeps up the spheric fun!
Ivory ball or leather,
Someone will run or sprawl,
Whate'er the hour or weather,
After the Ball!

Is't that our earth, which, after all,
Itself's a "dark terrestrial ball,"
Robs all "sportsmen" of sober sense
Within its "sphere of influence"?
"Special Editions" just to record
How many kicks at a ball are scored?!?!
Doesn't it prove that we mortals all
Have gone sheer "dotty"—After the Ball?

Chorus—

After the Ball!—as batter,
Handler of club, racquet, cue,
Or kicker of goals—what matter?
A Ballomaniac you!
Each is as mad as a hatter,
Who is so eager to sprawl,
Scrimmage, scout, smash, smite, clatter,
After the Ball!

THE HEIGHT OF COMFORT.

Q. I want to consult you about Flats. You must know all about them, as you have tried this kind of "high life" for a year. And I am quite charmed with the idea of getting one. Now, don't you find that they have many advantages over the old-fashioned separate house system?

A. Oh, a great many!

Q. I suppose that even in such paradises a few drawbacks do exist?

A. A few. For instance, did you notice, during your painful progress upstairs, a doctor coming out of the rooms just below us? No? Then you were fortunate. There's a typhoid case there, we hear.

Q. Dear me! Now I think of it, I did meet a woman dressed as a hospital nurse. But she was coming down from somewhere above you.

A. Yes. The people over our heads. It's a scarlet fever patient they have, I believe. We can hear the nurse moving about in the middle of the night. And chemists' boys with medicines call at our door, by mistake, at all hours.

Q. Still, they can't get in. Your flat is your castle, surely?

A. Quite so. It's a pity it isn't a roomier castle. Our bedrooms are like cupboards, and look out on a dark court. We have to keep the gas burning there all day.

Q. Oh, indeed! But then, being on one floor, living must be much cheaper, because you can do with only one servant?

A. That is true; but we find that the difficulty is to get servants to do with us. They hate being mastheaded like this; they miss the area, and the talks with the tradesmen, and so on.

Q. But they must go downstairs to take dust and cinders away?

A. No, those go down the shoot. At least, a good many of the cinders do, though some seem to stop on the way. Our downstair neighbours complain horribly, and threaten to summon us.

Q. Do they? On the whole, however, you find your fellow-residents obliging?

A. Oh, very! The landing window leads to some disputes. We like it open. The people upstairs prefer it shut. The case comes on at the police court next week.

Q. You surprise me! Then, as regards other expenses, you save, don't you, by paying no rates?

A. We do. That is why our landlord charges us for these eight rooms on one floor just double what we should have to pay for a large house all to ourselves.

Q. Thanks for giving me so much information. Of course, I knew there must be some disadvantages. And you won't be surprised to hear that we have taken a flat after all, as they are so fashionable?

A. On the contrary, I should be quite surprised if you didn't.

WELCOME TO "JOEY!"
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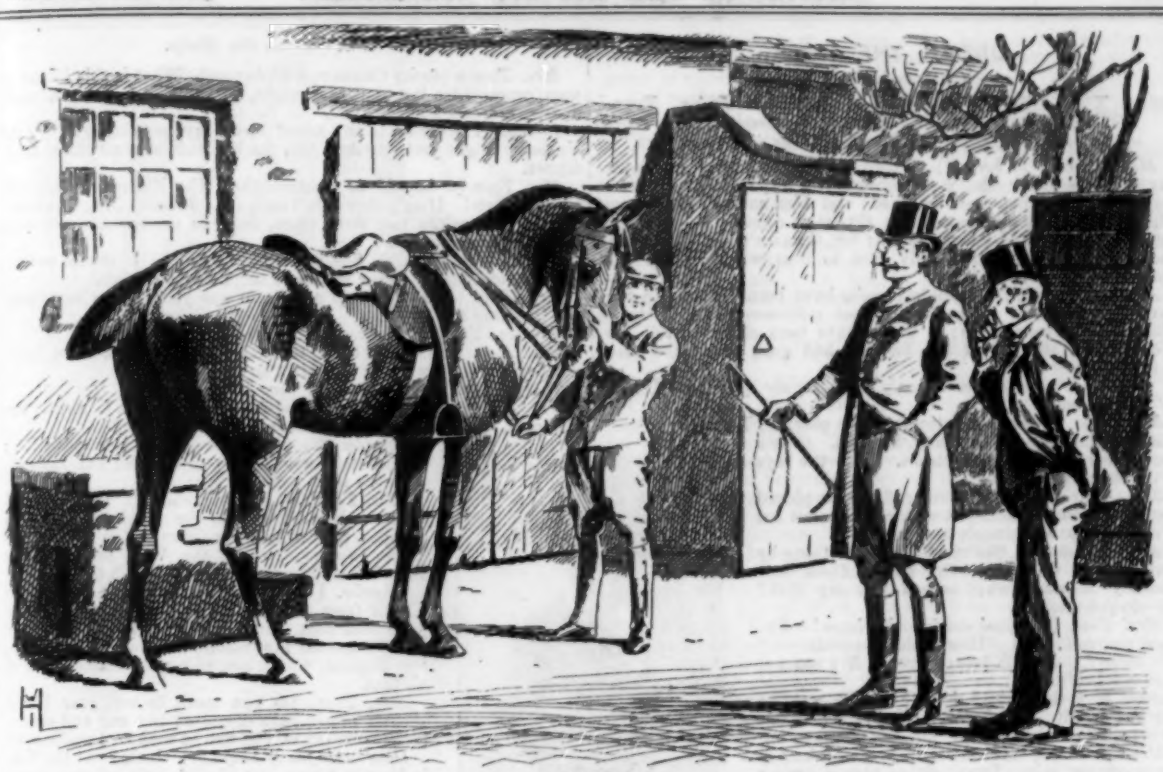
"HERE WE ARE AGAIN!"



SAD!

Sportsman (proud of his favourite). "Now that 's a Mare I *made* entirely myself! Marvellously clever, I can tell you!" *Non-Sportsman (from town, startled).* "Eh, what! Dear me! Wonderfully clever, certainly." (*Mentally.*) "Poor fellow, poor fellow! what a most extraordinary Hallucination!"

HOME RAILS.

(*By a Mournful Moralist.*)

Each day my heart with pity throbs;
Can sympathy refuse
The ready tears, the frequent sobs,
When reading City news?

Not long ago I daily found
That you were good and "strong"—
You gained but little, I'll be bound,
Nor kept that little long;

Yet I was happy, since it meant
That, for a blissful term,
You were so very excellent,
So "steady" and so "firm."

Prosperity brings pride to all;
You rose too high to sell.
Then—pride must always have a fall—
You lamentably fell.

Think what your altered state has cost.
Alas, you must confess
That you are ruined since you lost
Your noble steadiness!

"Unsettled" then—oh, feeble will!—
"Inactive" you were too.
There 's Someone "finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

Why be inactive? All should work.
Rise then, and do not seek
Good honest enterprise to shirk,
Because you 're rather "weak."

Alas, what use exhorting that
Your fall you should annul?
When some remark that you are "flat,"
And others call you "dull."

At times I hoped that you would turn,
And mend your evil ways,
That you were "better," I would learn,
And "quiet" on some days.

But now your baseness fitly ends,
"Irregular"—and so
You are "neglected" by your friends,
Who all pronounce you "low."

This conduct gives me such a shock,
I wipe my streaming eyes—
I want to sell some railway stock;
I'm waiting for the rise!

The "Ultra Fashionable Dinner-hour" when Dickens wrote *Martin Chuzzlewit.*—It is mentioned by *Montague Tigg*, when that typical swindler gives *Jonas Chuzzlewit* an invitation to a little dinner. It was "seven." Very few have guessed it, but most correspondents have referred to the dinner-hour at *Todgers's*. But *Todgers's* was a very second-class establishment.

Somebody proposes another Dickensian query:—Scene—*The wedding at Wardle's.* Time—*After the wedding breakfast:*—"At dinner they met again, after a five-and-twenty-mile walk." Where did they breakfast, and where did they dine, and how many hours did men of *Mr. Pickwick's* and *Mr. Tupman's* build take to do a twenty-five-mile walk in?

The Golfer's Paradise.—*Link*-ed sweetness long drawn out.

The real Roads to Success.—Cecil Rhodes.

REX LOBENGULA.

["Rhymes are difficult things, they are stubborn things, Sir."—Fielding: *Amelia.*]

Lobengúla! Lobengúla!
How do you pronounce your name?
How do those who call you ruler
Your regality proclaim?

Does the stalwart Matabele
Seared with many a cruel scar,
Ere he gives his life so freely,
Hail you King Lobengúla?

Have I read in British journals,
On a 'bus *en route* to Holborn,
Telegrams where British Colonels
Have the cheek to call you Ló-ben?

Has your name some fearful meaning
Redolent of blood and bones,
Or am I correct in weening
It 's vernacular for Jones?

Kaiser! Potentate! Dictator!
Any title that 's sublime
Choose, but send us cis-equator
For your name the proper rhyme.

AFTER THE CALL.

["A further call of £5 per share has recently been made on the shareholders in one of the companies in the Balfour group."]

After the call is over,
What is there left to do,
All absolutely vanished,
Left not a single sou.
Furniture, trinkets, money,
Gone, gone, alas! are they all:
What is there left but the workhouse
After the call?

UNDER THE ROSE.

(A Story in Scenes.)

SCENE XV.—*The Drawing-room at Hornbeam Lodge.* TIME—*Monday evening, about six.* ALTHEA *is listlessly striking chords on the piano;* MRS. TOOVEY *is sitting by one of the windows.*

Mrs. Toovey (*to herself*). Where *did* THEOPHILUS go last Saturday? He is either the most consummate hypocrite, or the most blameless lamb that ever breathed; and I'm sure *I* don't know which! But I'll find out when CHARLES comes. It would be almost a relief to find Pa *was* guilty; for, if he isn't—— But, thank goodness, he is not very likely ever to hear where *I* was that evening!

Althea (*to herself*). It couldn't *really* have been Mamma in that box; she has never made the slightest reference to it. I almost wish she *had* been there; it would have been easier to tell her. What *would* she say if she knew I had gone to such a place as the Eldorado?

[*She drifts, half unconsciously, into the air of* "The Hansom Cabman."

Mrs. Toov. What is that tune you are playing, THEA?

Alth. (*flushing*). N—nothing, Mamma. Only a tune I heard when I was in town. The—the boys in the street whistle it.

Mrs. Toov. Then it's hardly fit to be played upon *my* piano. I shouldn't wonder if it came out of one of those abominable music-halls!

Alth. (*to herself*). She must mean something by that. If she was there after all! (*Aloud, distressed.*) Mamma, what makes you say that? Do—do you *know?*

Mrs. Toov. (*in equal confusion*). Know! Explain yourself, child. How could I possibly——? (*To herself.*) I shall betray myself if I am not more careful!

Alth. I—I thought—I don't know—it was the way you said it. (*To herself.*) I very nearly did for myself *that* time!

Mrs. Toov. (*as* ALTHEA *strikes more chords*). For goodness' sake, THEA, either play a proper piece, or shut up the piano and take up some useful work. There's the crazy-quilt I've begun for the Bazaar; you might get on with that.

Alth. (*closing the piano*). The colours *are* so frightful, Mamma!

Mrs. Toov. What does that signify, my dear? When it's for a charity! Really, I'm beginning to think this visit to town has not had at all a good effect upon you. You've come back unable to settle down to anything. Yes, I see a great change in you, ALTHEA, and it's not confined to the worldly way you do your hair. I sincerely hope it will not strike Mr. CURPHEW as it does me. You know he is dining here this evening? I told him in my note that if he *liked* to come a little earlier—— (*Significantly.*) I think he has something to say to you, THEA. Perhaps you can guess what?

Alth. (*twisting her hands nervously*). Oh no, Mamma. I—I can't see Mr. CURPHEW—not alone, I mean.

"Dear, dear me!"

Mrs. Toov. Don't be ridiculous, my dear. You know perfectly well that he admires you. He has very properly spoken first to your father, and we both consider you a most fortunate girl. He is a truly excellent young man, which is the *first* consideration; and, what is even *more* important, he is, as far as I can gather, making an excellent income. And you can't deny that you were interested in him from the very first.

Alth. N—not in that way, Mamma. At least, not any longer.

Mrs. Toov. Nonsense. If Mr. CURPHEW proposes, I shall be seriously annoyed if you put him off with any foolish shilly-shallying. Mind that. And here he is—at least, it's *somebody* at the front door. I've mislaid my glasses as usual. And if it is Mr. CURPHEW, I shall send him in here at once; so remember what I've said. (*She goes out into the hall, and discovers her nephew* CHARLES.) So it is *you*, CHARLES! You're rather earlier than I expected.

Charles. Nothing much doing at the office, Aunt. And I thought I might have to dress for dinner, you know.

Mrs. Toov. You ought to know by this time that we are plain people and do not not follow the senseless fashion of dressing ourselves up for a family dinner, but I am glad you came early, all the same, CHARLES, as I should like a little talk with you before your Uncle comes in. We had better go into the study. (*To herself, as she leads the way.*) Now I shall get it out of him!

END OF SCENE XV.

SCENE XVI.—*In the Study.*

Mrs. Toovey (*fixing* CHARLES *with her eye*). What is this I hear of your proceedings last Saturday night, CHARLES? Come, you can't deceive *me*, you know!

Charles. I never made any secret about my proceedings. I told Uncle we might probably drop into the Eldorado or somewhere after dinner.

Mrs. Toov. (*to herself, in consternation*). The Eldorado? they *did* go there then! If only they didn't see me! (*Aloud.*) Yes, CHARLES, go on. And while you were there, did you see anyone you—you thought you recognised?

Charles (*to himself*). She's heard! (*Aloud.*) I should rather think I *did*, Aunt. Never was more surprised in my life.

Mrs. Toov. (*with a groan*). And—and was your *Uncle* surprised, too, CHARLES?

Charles. Uncle? I haven't told *him* yet.

Mrs. Toov. But he was *there*, CHARLES, with you; he must have seen—whatever you did! Or didn't he?

Charles. At the Valhalla? my *dear* Aunt!

Mrs. Toov. Who's talking about a Valhalla? I mean the *Eldorado*, of course; that was where you *said* you went!

Charles. No—no, we couldn't get in at the El.; all the stalls gone, so we went to the Val. instead. Just the same sort of thing.

Mrs. Toov. (*to herself, relieved*). To the Val.! What a fright I've had for nothing! (*Aloud.*) I quite understand, CHARLES. You took your Uncle to a place called the Val., *not* the—er—El. What did you *see* there? that's the point!

Charles. I didn't take Uncle there; I was with a man from our office when I saw him. I must have seen him there often enough, but somehow I never spotted him before. It was the make-up, the *disguise*, you know, wig and moustache, and all that.

Mrs. Toov. Do you mean to say your Uncle attends music-halls disguised in a wig and moustache? CHARLES, who was he *with?* I *will* know!

Charles (*in fits of laughter*). Uncle? At the Val. in disguise? now, is it *likely?* I thought you knew all about it, or I shouldn't have said a word!

Mrs. Toov. You have said too much to stop *now*, CHARLES. It is useless to try to turn it off like that. If it was not Pa you recognised at this Val. place, who *was* it?"

Charles (*to himself*). If I don't tell her she'll only go on suspecting poor old Uncle THEO. (*Aloud.*) Well, you're bound to find it out sooner or later; and I admire him all the more for it myself. I'd no idea he had it *in* him. Shows how mistaken you may be in fellows.

Mrs. Toov. I've yet to learn who and what you are talking about, CHARLES!

Charles. Why, that quiet, modest friend of yours, Mr. CLARENCE CURPHEW, if you *must* know!

Mrs. Toov. I don't believe it. Mr. CURPHEW is not at all the sort of young man to spend his money in such resorts.

Charles. He don't *spend* it there—he *makes* it. My dear Aunt, you ought to feel honoured by having such a distinguished acquaintance. Don't you remember my mentioning the great music-hall star, WALTER WILDFIRE? You must. Well, CLARENCE CURPHEW and WALTER WILDFIRE are one and the same person—honour bright, they are!

Mrs. Toov. (*sinking back with a gasp*). A—a music-hall star! And I have been urging ALTHEA to—— Oh, how fortunate it is I have been warned in time! He shall not see her—I will write and put him off—at once! [Mr. TOOVEY *enters blandly.*

Mr. Toov. Ah, CHARLES, my boy, so here you are? that's right, that's right. You, too, CORNELIA? (*To her, in an undertone.*) It's all right, my love—our dear young friend, Mr. CURPHEW, you know—we met on the doorstep just now, and I've left him and THEA together in the drawing-room. I thought it was best, eh? [*He looks to her for approval.*

Mrs. Toov. You've left—— But there, I might have known! No, don't speak to me, Pa—there's no time to lose! Come with me, CHARLES, I may want you.

[*She rustles out of the room, followed by* CHARLES.

Mr. Toov. (*looking after her in mild perplexity*). Dear, dear me! I wonder what can be the matter *now*. CORNELIA seems so very—— I hardly like to go and see—and yet, perhaps, I ought—perhaps I ought. There's one comfort, whatever it is, it can't have anything to do with that dreadful Eldorado. Yes, I'd better go and look into it! [*He goes out.—End of Scene XVI.*

"USING LANGUAGE."

The Squire. "WELL, SMITH, I WANT YOUR ADVICE. HADN'T WE BETTER LET THEM HAVE THEIR WAY THIS TIME?"

Smith. "NO, NO, SIR. STICK TO YOUR RIGHTS! WHAT *I* SAY IS—'GIVE SUCH PEOPLE A HINCH AND THEY'LL TAKE A *HELL*'—IF YOU'LL PARDON MY USIN' SUCH STRONG LANGUAGE!"

MAGIC AND MANUFACTURES.

(*A Fairy Fragment from the German.*)

LITTLE ALICE was delighted with her surroundings. She had found her way into a lumber-room, which was filled with modern furniture and modern toys. "How pretty they are!" she exclaimed; "and how I would like to speak to them!"

Then the Cup and Saucer labelled a "Present from Ramsgate," and the Old Grandfather's Clock glowed with satisfaction. Evidently they wished to join in the conversation.

Then ALICE thought that perhaps she might raise a sprite or a goblin of some magical person by reading ANDERSEN'S Fairy Stories backward. She had scarcely, with some difficulty, completed the first page (rendered reversely) of "The Shepherdess and the Brave Tin Soldier," when an old lady, about eighteen inches high, suddenly appeared before her.

"You want all these inanimate things to speak?" said the new comer. "Well, you will be disappointed if they do."

ALICE protested that she would be delighted beyond measure if they would but talk. "It will be interesting, so very interesting, dear godmother," she cried; and then she added, "I suppose I may assume that you *are* my godmother?"

"You may assume anything you like," snapped out the little old lady; "only don't bother me. Here! I authorise all these things to talk. I will be back again by-and-by to see how you are getting on. Adieu." And then the little old lady disappeared. And then, as she had foretold, ALICE suffered great disappointment.

The Cup and Saucer "A Present from Ramsgate," began speaking sixteen words to the dozen, but ALICE could not make out the meaning. Then the Old Grandfather's Clock talked, but without better effect. ALICE could not understand a syllable. And the box of tin Highlanders followed suit. So did a doll dressed as an Irish peasant. Then all sorts of things that seemed to be English to the backbone or last ounce of metal—scissors, books, and calico curtains—kept up a fire of conversation. But ALICE could make out nothing. She was absolutely astounded. Here were heaps of British goods suddenly endowed with the power of speech, and yet she could not understand them!

And as she considered, the little old lady again appeared.

"Well, child!" she exclaimed. "What's the matter? You seem perplexed! Have not all the toys been talking?"

"Why, yes," faltered ALICE; "but then you see I cannot understand a word they say!"

"Of course you cannot," replied the Fairy. "They speak only their native language."

"Their native language! Then why don't they speak English?"

"Because, my good girl," returned the Fairy, preparing to take her departure, "they cannot. You see, young lady, they don't know anything about the English language, and this is natural enough, for they were all made in Germany!"

THE FUTURE OF HOME RULE.

MR. GL-DST-NE: ANOTHER TELEPATHIC AUTOMATIC INTERVIEW.

I HAD not seen Mr. GL-DST-NE for two days, nor had I heard from him for three posts, neither knew I where he was. I knew he *had* been at Downing Street. That evening I found myself in an Inner Circle train, and no sooner there than I made up my mind to ask Mr. GL-DST-NE if he would mind my interviewing him. My hand at once wrote—on the margin of my evening paper—that he was at Downing Street, and that I might have the interview. It was quite an ordinary one, except that I thought the questions and wrote the answers on my knee with my hand. "Well, Mr. GL-DST-NE," I said, or, rather, thought, "what do you think of Home Rule?" My hand (not the Old Parliamentary Hand) wrote:—

"W. E. G. I do not think that I shall be in any way departing from what has long since become to be recognised as the practice applicable to this present set of circumstances, a practice to which I am able to speak from an experience of more than sixty years, when I say speaking, not merely for myself, but for the whole of the Members of the Cabinet, and, indeed, I may fairly say of the Government in its entirety, that we are not indisposed to grant to Ireland that measure of self-government for which she is asking in a constitutional way through her duly elected representatives, and that we earnestly hope that as a result of our efforts we may be enabled, with a reasonable prospect of finality, to put an end to a condition of affairs which for the whole of the present century has embittered our relations with our sister country, and has exposed us to the censures of every authority in the civilised world whose acknowledged competency entitles him to an opinion."

Then I ventured a question as to the future. "What about Home Rule next Session, Mr. GL-DST-NE?"

"The question as to what position the Home Rule controversy will assume next Session is naturally one which can only be determined when we have before us all the facts which are essential for the purpose of enabling us to arrive at a definitive conclusion, and as soon as it becomes reasonably plain what the exact position of parties will be when it becomes necessary to decide on what lines the policy of the Government will proceed. I may, however, say that, whilst not forgetful in any way of the obligations of honour under which the Liberal party lie to the Irish people, and whilst it will be our duty at the earliest available moment to press forward measures which shall carry out our pledges in that direction, we shall not forget that the consideration of what are not unnaturally termed English reforms is an imperative necessity, to which the attention of the Government will be directed at the first opportunity."

By this time I had reached Charing Cross, and as I passed out the ticket-examiner handed me a postcard. It was in Mr. GL-DST-NE's writing. Judge of my astonishment when I found that quite spontaneously he had written to me just what I had written in the interview. I at once wrote to him and informed him of what had happened. His answer was: "It is most extraordinary. If I didn't believe all you tell me, I should have come to the conclusion that you faked (I think that is the word) the interview up out of my old speeches." So there you have the whole story. Someone suggests I should publish the postcard. Curiously enough, I have mislaid it. But two and two make four, and you can go and ask the ticket-examiner.

Cause and Effect.

"I AM occupied with my secretaries while I am dressing."—*Lord Herschell to the deputation of Liberal Members, Nov. 16.*

"MR. K. MUIR MACKENZIE, Q.C., Permanent Sec. to the LORD CHANCELLOR, has been made a Companion of the Bath."—*Daily Paper.*

PLEASANT SPOOKERY.

YES, thanks to BRANDON THOMAS's skill, and PENLEY's comic *nous*,
The lucky "Globe" may well be called the real '*Aunt*-ed House!

BABY-WORSHIP. (THE POINT OF VIEW.)

"YOUR NIECES SEEM VERY FOND OF BABIES, MR. SINNICK. I SUPPOSE YOU ARE TOO?"
"OH YES; LIKE 'EM AWFULLY; ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY BEGIN TO *CRY*."
"AH, YOU THINK THE DEAR LITTLE THINGS ARE IN PAIN?"
"YES; AND SOMEBODY RINGS THE BELL, YOU KNOW, AND THE NURSE COMES, AND THE DEAR LITTLE THINGS ARE TAKEN AWAY TO THE NURSERY!"

THE HANDY BOY.

["In the office he held, which in reality was much too heavy for any single man to bear, it was necessary to live almost a monastic life, and the eight hours which some persons regarded as a maximum of toil seemed to those who occupied that position a dim and distant and golden vision." —*Lord Rosebery, at the opening of the Battersea Town Hall.*]

The Missis soliloquiseth:—

AH! he's really the usefullest boy, that
young PRIMROSE, that ever we've had,
And I'm sure I don't know, not sometimes,
how we'd get along, but for that lad!
So willing, and so civil-spoken, yet none too
much given to mag.
He does the House credit all round, and I'm
sure he's the pick o' the bag.

Gets through his own work without
worrit, and then he's so good at odd
obs!
Which some servants are awfully uppish, and
thinks themselves no end of nobs.
But PRIMROSE is pleasant and modest, you
know where the boy's to be found,
And there's nothing he won't turn his hand
to, to make things agreeable all round.

Heigho! How I wish—— But no matter!
Young PRIMROSE, he *knows* such a lot,
And he seems to be trusted by all, which
some of us, I fear,—well, are *not*.
There is WILLIAM, the butler, and JOHN, now;
they're excellent servants, of course,
Yet they don't seem as happy as PRIMROSE,
although the boy works like a horse!

His task's to attend to the door, which needs
wonderful quickness and tact;
For our visitors, foreign and others, *are*
troublesome, that is a fact.
But Russian, or Frenchman, or L.C.C. boss
from out Battersea way,
Or a working-man out of a job, PRIMMY
always knows just what to say.

He's a treasure, that boy; and I'm always
a-putting fresh work on his back!
There's this Coal Question now! Awful
worry! He has such a wonderful knack
I am sure he might settle *that* shindy. If
so he will just be a jewel!
If pig-headedness holds on *both* sides, we
shall presently run out of fuel.

If he can "conciliate" them, it will truly be
very good biz:
And so I've *suggested*—no more!—that "the
boy"—ah! by Jove, here he is!
Poor chap! Two big scuttles—up-stairs!
He must find it a terrible pull,
With *his* work too! But if he succeeds—
well, the cup of his credit is full.

Ah, PRIMROSE, my boy! This *is* good of you!
Two at a time, too. Oh, dear!—
It is not just *your* work, I'll allow, and you
find they are heavy, I fear.
But you know what a bother it's been. Some
chaps are such obstinate souls!—
But I was quite sure that *you* wouldn't mind
stooping to—taking up coals!

WHY does LOBENGULA, when finding fault with his regiments, appear a great commander? Because then he is an Impi rater.

QUEER CARDS.

(*By a Rural Innkeeper, who has been "had."*)

THEY come to me (a poor old chap!)
And take one room—mostly the same;
A quiet spot, they say, for Nap:
(But "Crib's" their real game.)
Their luggage is a smallish trunk,
A whopping walking-stick—alway!
When for a month they've fed and drunk,
I gently hint at pay.
They say, "Why, certainly! They mean
To dwell some months beneath my roof.
So happy they have *never* been!"
(I think they call this "Spoof.")
They swear my wife's the best of cooks,
They hint they're half in love with SUKEY,
My daughter, who can boast good looks
(And here begins Blind Hookey).
Then, when they're some more weeks in debt,
I tell them Tick's last door is shut;
When—their knave's tricks not ended yet—
They shuffle—pack—and *cut!*

BUSINESS.

["France, it is expected, will endeavour to hasten England's evacuation of Egypt, and Russia will try to settle the question of the Dardanelles."—*Daily Chronicle.*]

WHO says that Franco-Russian gush
Means naught, to reason's optic?
The Russ will help the Frank to rush
England, from regions Coptic;
And—here JOHN BULL must surely flinch,
While Gallia's bosom swells!—
The Bear, if but allowed an inch,
Will take—the Dardanelles!

THE HANDY BOY!

The Missis. "I KNEW YOU HAD PLENTY TO DO, PRIMROSE, BUT I WAS QUITE SURE YOU WOULDN'T MIND TAKING UP THOSE COALS!"

THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOL—FOR SCANDAL.

The two principal figures to be considered are Mr. William Farren, who, as *Sir Peter*, is a Master of Arts in the Old School, and Miss Rehan, who as *Lady Teazle* is an experimentalising teacher in the New *School for Scandal*. All playgoers, whose memory takes them back over a quarter of a century, must be familiar with William Farren's *Sir Peter*, which, in our time may have been rivalled, but has rarely been equalled (I do not remember his equal in the past), and certainly never excelled. A trifle overdone now and then, a trifle hard in manner here and there, perhaps, but, as a whole, simply admirable. Mr. Daly never made a better engagement than when he secured William Farren for *Sir Peter*. About Miss Rehan's *Lady Teazle* there will be various opinions, and, truth to tell, I do not precisely know from what point of view and by what standard to judge of her performance. *Sir Peter* describes her as "a girl bred wholly in the country," and so forth, "yet," he continues, "she now plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of fashion and the town with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass plot out of Grosvenor Square." To let her country training be perceived through the assumed airs and graces of a town Madame seems to me to be Miss Rehan's object; and in this, granting her ideas of the country hoyden and the town lady to be correct, she certainly succeeds; notably in the scenes with *Sir Peter*. For thus is the Jekyl-and-Hyde-ness of her character made apparent: in company, in the scandal scenes, she is to be all airs and graces, but when alone with her husband she, in spite of her perpetual wrangling with him, reappears as her own natural self, with most of the polish temporarily rubbed off. But if this be so, then, when in "society," her funny little run and shaking of the head are out of place, while they may be accepted as a relapse into her provincialisms when she is quite free and easy, *en tête-à-tête* with *Sir Peter*, and especially bent on captivating him by recalling to his memory the lass of whom he had become desperately enamoured some eight months ago.

Shade of Sheridan. "William Farren, my old friend, I congratulate you: and I suspect that in the present generation I owe you much."

Sir William Peter Farren Teazle. "Not more than I do you, Mr. Sheridan. Let us say, mutually indebted."

[*They exchange snuff-pinches.*

In the Screen Scene when "discovered," Miss Rehan's attitude is eloquent; and on this tableau I have always thought the curtain should descend, as all after this, even *Sir Peter's* exit with "damn your sentiments," good as it is, is an anti-climax. I should prefer that Miss Rehan's *Lady Teazle* should be silent, or if it must be played as written, then here of all situations in the comedy would I insist upon her emphasising the perfectly natural manner of the unaffected country girl, instead of addressing Sir Peter in the deep tones of a tragedian, as if attempting a mere theatrical effect. In the last Act, as arranged, she appears to have done with her town airs and graces for ever, and, wearing a queer sort of mob-cap, enters on *Sir Peter's* arm, ready with him to face the ridicule, the satire, and the scandal of their world.

Miss Vanbrugh makes a delightful *Lady Sneerwell*, and Mrs. Gilbert a dear old *Mrs. Candour*, who would spitefully gossip about her neighbours for hours together. *Maria* is almost always a thankless part, and Miss Percy Haswell leaves no doubt on the mind of the audience of her being a poor orphan of some six months' standing. The part of *Moses* offers very little scope to Mr. James Lewis, especially as the celebrated "I'll take my oath of that" is cut out, and some lines are introduced, which being quite un-Sheridanesque and un-Mosaic do not in the least assist the character. However, as he is much slapped on the back, dug in the ribs, and generally treated as a butt by *Charles* and *Careless* (who, by the way, gives "*Here's to the Maiden*" in first-rate style), Mr. Lewis may be congratulated on getting to the end of his impersonation of one of the long-suffering tribe in perfect safety. Mr. Bourchier's *Charles* goes well with the audience; but Mr. George Clarke is too conscientious, and too impressed with a sense of the horrible scoundrelism of *Joseph's* character to be ever really at home in so uncongenial a part.

For the re-arrangement, much may be said "for," and more "against." There is only one point that strikes me as absolutely inartistic, and that is, making *Sir Peter* give his explanatory speech about his wife *after* we have seen her, instead of leaving it in its proper place, as Sheridan wrote it, where it serves as a prologue to the subsequent scene between *Sir Peter* and *Lady Teazle*, when she appears for the first time in the comedy.

There are some curious oversights in the scenic arrangements at Daly's. The first is in *Charles Surface's* picture gallery, *which has no windows and no skylight*. The second is that though *Charles* has sold all his books, yet through the door of the picture-room are seen the first shelves of an evidently well-stocked library. The third oversight is in *Joseph's* chambers, described in the original play as "*a library in Joseph Surface's house*," where, when he tells *Sir Peter* that "*books are the only things I am a coxcomb in*," there are only a very few volumes to be seen, and these are lying at haphazard on a table.

Lady Ada Rehan Teazle.
"In for some sort of a run"—at Daly's.

To revert for a moment to *Charles Surface's* windowless and skylightless picture gallery, the scene takes place in the evening, after dinner, or supper, and how is the huge apartment lighted? Why, by a couple of ordinary candles placed on a side-table, while on the mantelpiece at the back remain a couple of silver candelabra, filled with candles which remain all the time unlighted. Why, naturally, the company would have been in darkness, but not a bit of it, for these two candles do give so preternaturally wonderful an illumination, that the stage is as bright as a sunlighted garden at noonday in July. The company that could produce such candles would make a fortune by their patent. The dance at the end of the first Act brings down the curtain to enthusiastic applause, and, to the end, the old comedy, in spite of various chops and changes, holds its own, as it ever will do, triumphantly.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Father Christmas is already sending out his Cards for the Coming Festivity, now six weeks ahead. His representatives all "decorated," and still ready to receive any amount of "orders," are Marcus Ward, the Raphael Tuck family, C. W. Faulkner, C. Delgado, and many others, whose excellent works are known to all, and by none more appreciated than by the youthful Baronites and Baronitesses.

"Blackie and Son!" says a Junior Baronite; "why, that must be the publishers of Christy Minstrel works!" but they are soon undeceived. Such delightful books! their very bindings are suggestive of cheerfulness, and seem to invite inspection. We will take a peep inside, like Jack Horner, and pull out the best plummed story. Three by G. A. Henty, who knows how and what to write for youths of adventurous spirit. His three are:—

Through the Sikh War. Indian affairs are always of interest to the young Britisher, "who will," quoth the little Baronite, "*seek* and find all he wants in this book."

St. Bartholomew's Eve might be a tale of curiosity, but it is history, and deals with the valour of an English boy during the Huguenot Wars. Being a hero, he does not get killed in the massacre, but lives to fight another day.

A Jacobite Exile is a tale of the Swedes. Hardly necessary, perhaps, or as Shakspeare puts it, "Swedes to the Swede,—superfluous." To the English reader, therefore, it is not a superfluity.

Then here is *The Penny Illustrated*. It is called "*Roses*," and whatever any reader may require, here he will find it "all among the roses." The rearer and cultivator of these "Roses" is John Latey, whose "Rose of Hastings" is among the best of the contributions. "We can't do better than provide ourselves and our families with this specimen of a Flowery Annual," quoth,

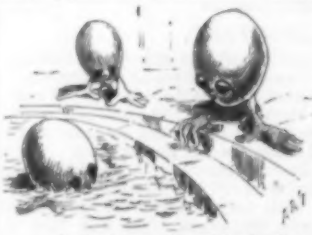
The Baron de Book-Worms.

A NEW ADJECTIVE.

Customer. "YOU'LL FIND I MEASURE A BIT MORE ROUND THE WAIST THAN I DID LAST TIME YOU TOOK MY MEASURE."
Tailor. "AH, WELL, SIR, IF I MAY BE ALLOWED TO SAY SO, YOU *ARE* A TRIFLE MORE—AH—MORE *LOBENGULOUS* THAN FORMERLY."

1,000,000 A.D.

["The descendants of man will nourish themselves by immersion in nutritive fluid. They will have enormous brains, liquid, soulful eyes, and large hands, on which they will hop. No craggy nose will they have, no vestigial ears; their mouths will be a small, perfectly round aperture, unanimal, like the evening star. Their whole muscular system will be shrivelled to nothing, a dangling pendant to their minds."—*Pall Mall Gazette, abridged.*]



WHAT, a million years hence,
will become of the *Genus*
Humanum, is truly a
question vexed;
At that epoch, however, *one*
prophet has seen us
Resemble the sketch
annexed.

For as Man undergoes
Evolution ruthless,
His skull will grow "dome-
like, bald, terete";
And his mouth will be jawless, gumless, toothless—
No more will he drink or eat!

He will soak in a crystalline bath of pepsine,
(No ROBERT will then have survived, to wait,)
And he 'll hop on his hands as his food he steps in—
A quasi-cherubic gait!

No longer the land or the sea he'll furrow;
The world will be withered, ice-cold, dead
As the chill of Eternity grows, he 'll burrow
Far down underground instead.

If the *Pall Mall Gazette* has thus been giving
A forecast correct of this change immense,
Our stars we may thank, then, that *we* shan't be living
A million years from hence!

ONE DOWN T'OTHER COME ON.—King Log is a most useful substitute when King Coal has temporarily abdicated.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, November 13.—TOMLINSON has for some time observed with deepening disfavour his position in House as affected by, and compared with, that of his friend and companion dear, TOMASSO BOWLES. TOMMY, to drop into the affectionate diminutive, is a mere child compared with him. He is but the birth of the last General Election; whilst for thirteen years this very month TOMLINSON has presented at Westminster Preston's idea of the highest form of culture and intelligence.

Employers' Liability Bill offered opportunity for coming to front; not that either as Employer or Employed TOMLINSON has any special knowledge on subject. But he sees as clearly into its bearings as he does through the average Lancashire stone wall. Awake at nights drafting new Clauses that should baffle ASQUITH and make the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD sit up. Looked most imposing on paper. Thought at one time of posting copy to every elector of Preston, so that he might see what a power in Senate is the borough Member. Wouldn't cost so much since, posted at House of Commons in official wrapper, they might go free. Still there would be remarks made if TOMLINSON drove into Palace Yard enthroned on top of waggon containing 15,959 addressed copies of Amendments to Employers' Liability Bill. Gave up idea. Electors must buy the papers where, in Parliamentary reports, they would read voluminous digests of his speeches.

Began soon after House took up Bill this afternoon. First group of Amendments covered folio page of print. Read admirably; if it had not been usual for Member in charge of new Clause to explain to House its object and effect in operation success would have been assured. Here's where TOMLINSON came to grief; talked for some time; House listened at first, honestly intent upon considering project, whatever it might be. Effect of TOMLINSON's speech not elucidatory. The more he talked the more hopeless the muddle. When he sat down anguished listeners not quite sure whether he had (1) moved the Clause, (2) proposed to withdraw it, or (3) suggested that a more convenient place for insertion would be found later on. Fortunately new Clause in print among Amendments. That ASQUITH should decline to have anything to do with it natural enough. Saddest of all befel when from his own side of House

THE HOME SECRETARY'S SAFETY-VALVE. TRAFALGAR SQUARE OF THE FUTURE.

ROLLIT bluntly denounced Clause, CARSON hoped it wouldn't be pressed, and HENRY JAMES, from allied camp opposite, demolished it with final shot.

This not encouraging, but there were other Amendments standing in his name of which something must be said. TOMLINSON rose when called on, but gratefully sat down when greeted with mirthful cries for division. Only gleam of comfort in sorrowful night was when TOMMY BOWLES, rushing in whence he had retreated, called down on himself SPEAKER's stern commentary that his remarks were "quite irrelevant."

Business done.—Report Stage of Employers' Liability Bill.

Tuesday.—To casual observer there is nothing in personal appearance of UGHTRED KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH suggestive of the Tartar. Yet to-night Sir ELLIS ASHMEAD BARTLETT, going a hunting on the Treasury Bench preserves, bagged Secretary to Admiralty and found he had caught a Tartar. ASHMEAD, in his self-asserted character of BRITANNIA's Confidential Clerk, tried to draw UGHTRED on subject of Naval Scare. SHUTTLEWORTH, with manner that combined severity of a magistrate with benignity of a dean, managed to present ASHMEAD in aspect of fussy person who, having had some official knowledge, in whatever subordinate position, ought to have been able to restrain the self-assertiveness that led him to put such a question. House, which does not do credit to The BART(LETT)'s many sterling qualities, roared with delight. Stung to quick, ASHMEAD up again; shouted across table, "I ask the right hon. gentleman whether he can give me any evidence of his being alive——" House, struck with evidence to that effect just given, broke in with fresh roar of laughter. ASHMEAD stood glaring round at merry circle. When noise subsided, continued: "——any evidence of his being alive to the importance of his duties?" More laughter. ASHMEAD appealed to SPEAKER to reprimand KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH. SPEAKER justified Minister's action. One more attempt; one more rebuff; and ASHMEAD subsided for the night, not quite sure after all that silence isn't golden. At least it used to bring in £1000 a year.

Business done.—A good deal with the Employers' Liability Bill.

Wednesday.—Another quiet sitting with Employers' Liability Bill. Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES, respectfully removing his tarpaulin and shifting his quid, relieved dullness of afternoon by some capital yarns. One drew a vivid picture of dangers that lurk behind the casual pilot. On a dark night in midsummer Cap'en TOMMY, a-sailing down the coast of Barbaree, came upon what looked like a town. Turned out to be Algiers; hauled down his main yard; ran out the topgallantsail spanker, and bore down on the harbour. Just as he was entering was boarded by pilot.

Tommy Bowles and the Pilot.

"Sheer off!" says TOMMY through his polyglot speaking-trumpet. "Don't want your help; know every rock and shoal on the coast; will take the ship in myself."

Pilot produced from lining at back of his trousers Code of Regulations; this set forth that pilot was compulsory. Nothing to do but submit, unless he would involve Great Britain in war. Pilot came aboard; took charge; forged ahead; just going to run ship on breakwater when TOMMY's keen eye perceived danger.

"Sir," said the only Member of House of Commons who, since BIG BEN's death, holds a sea captain's certificate, "I took my ship out of the pilot's hand, and brought her in safely."

House uproariously cheered, and FRANK LOCKWOOD went off and drew a sketch of the historical scene.

Business done.—More of Employers' Liability Bill.

Thursday.—Government in difficulties to-night. *Cherchez la femme.* WALTER M'LAREN had her in charge; a modest little thing, merely asking that women, whether married or single, should be enabled to vote at election of Parish Councils. House not very full; no danger anticipated; but Conservatives joined their forces with Radicals below gangway, and before Ministers quite knew where they were they found themselves in minority of twenty-one.

"Winged!"

"Winged!" cried Admiral BORTHWICK. "The FOWLER went out shooting, and comes home shot."

Suggestion made that Government should resign; Mr. G. only smiled.

Spiteful little thing RENTOUL said just now. Supporting amendment to Employers' Liability Bill he remarked. "Gentlemen who sit on this side of the House are in favour of the amendment; gentlemen who sit on the other side of the House equally approve it; whilst Sir ALBERT ROLLIT, who sits on every side of the House, does not object to it."

Business done.—Employers' Liability Bill reported; Government defeated; got into Committee on Parish Councils Bill.

Friday.—Rather painful scene to-night between SYDNEY BUXTON and SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE. SAGE, ever thirsting for knowledge, wanted to know much about Matabeleland. Drafted a long string of questions addressed to Under Secretary for Colonies.

"Unfounded assumptions," BUXTON, in the pride of office, characterised these simple interrogatories. The SAGE, insatiable for information, desires to have the unfounded assumptions particularised. BUXTON referred Members to the question.

"But why," asked the SAGE, with tremble and pathos in his voice, "did you call them unfounded assumptions?"

Affected by this spectacle of genuine emotion, BUXTON proposed to substitute for the obnoxious word milder form "unproved."

"Yes," said the SAGE, sticking to his point; "but you said unfounded." No use BUXTON attempting to deny this; lapsed into embarrassed silence; probably will be more careful in future.

Business done.—Very little of Parish Councils Bill.

A COCKNEY ON A GREAT COLLECTION.

[We are informed that Prince LUCIEN BONAPARTE's unique library of some 25,000 volumes, included "a complete set of *Punch*," preserved presumably by the Prince for the specimens of "Cockney dialect which it contains."]

JEST fancy a Prince BONYPARTY seek nuts upon patter and slang!
Proves a Prince may be fly to wot's wot, and of chat as is chat 'ave the 'ang. [chinned.
Lor bless yer, this LUCYUN, 'e knowed all the cackles as ever was
I'll wager as 'e wos aweer as a Billingsgit Pheasant is *finned!*
He'd got SOLOMON's song in Tyke lingo! A pity 'e didn't know *me!*
I'd ha' run it off into back slang, and ha' done it most willing and free. [patter,
'Cos a Prince and a Frenchy at that, as appreshiates *Punch, and* my
Is a precious sight smarter than some "Cockney" criticks, and that's wot's the matter!
So bully for Prince BONYPARTY! When weighed in 'e's well hup to scale; [sale!
And *if* them books come to the 'ammer, wy 'ARRY means seeing the

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